



## The Horse.

## CLEVELAND BAY HORSES.

In a recent issue of the *Tasmanian Agriculturist* is an interesting article from Wm. Scott Dixon, of Saltburn-by-the-Sea, an Englishman who appears to be well informed about the origin and history of this breed. As in some respects he differs on these points from many writers in the United States, we append what he says for those interested in a breed which is becoming quite popular in this State:

Cleveland Bays have been increasing in favor in the United States and the Colonies of late years to such an extent that the importing of this valuable breed of horses is now an important branch of the stock trade both in the States and the North American colonies. They find special favor in the Western States, and occasionally a horse or two have been sent to Australia. A growing trade is also springing up for high-class specimens of the breed in Buenos Ayres. Nor is it difficult to tell the reason of this. The Cleveland Bay is a horse of undeniably long pedigree, his elegant outline and great activity are remarkable, and his fine constitution renders him more especially adapted to bear those vicissitudes of climate which are the lot of all exported horses. The origin of the Cleveland Bay, like that of every other breed of domestic animals, is enveloped in obscurity, but the breed has been looked upon as a pure one for a considerable length of time, and that it has existed in something like its present form since the commencement of the last century can be little doubt, for the tradition has been handed down from father to son for generations, of a race of horses they possessed equally clear of thoroughbred—i.e., racing blood—and carting blood.

That more accurate records of the breed have not been kept is much to be regretted, for until the beginning of the present century little notice was taken of the pedigrees of any horses save those known as thoroughbreds. Indeed, many of the old Cleveland horses were never dignified with a name, and were generally known by the patronymic of their owner. It is also curious to notice that pedigrees were seldom, if ever, fully given on the cards and bills of the horses that travelled in the first decade of the present century, and even so horses as highly celebrated as Mr. Masterman's Skyrocket and Forester no record of breeding exists. The value of keeping correct records of pedigree soon began to force itself on breeders of stock, and the publication of Cawte's Herd-book marks a new departure in the history of our farm stock.

About the middle of the present century, in the north of Yorkshire and the south of Durham, the majority of the farm horses were the Cleveland Bay breed, and this state of things continued until 1873, when the increase of trade caused an increased demand for heavy horses, and attention was drawn, by the action of the Clydesdale Horse Society, to the breeding of heavy horses. The subsequent proceedings of the Shire Horse Society, and the success which followed the efforts of these two societies, naturally stimulated the breeding of heavy horses, and tended to discourage the breeding of a class of horses which did not bring the prices that were then prevalent for heavy draught horses. Another reason why the breeding of Cleveland Bays became generally neglected was the eagerness with which the foreigners, especially the Germans, picked up all the good mares they could lay their hands on for the Government studs at prices far in excess of what they would have made at home. Indeed, the greater number of breeders and farmers looked upon the Cleveland Bay as a good old "has-been," and various theories were propagated, and several experiments tried against the breeding of the coach-horses of the future, with various results, few of any them proving quite satisfactory.

A very short time it began to be recognized, by those who devoted serious thought to the matter, that it was impossible to do without the Cleveland Bay mare for any length of time, and the few men, who from accident or forethought had kept breeding Cleveland Bays began to have a good time. Then a new market sprang up in the American and Colonial trade, a market that is gradually increasing and developing; and now there is a steadily increasing inquiry on the South American continent and in Africa, as well as occasional exports to the Australian colonies. With this increasing trade—a trade, be it noticed, of a sudden growth, and with the country, at the time the demand arose, to a certain extent depleted of pure-bred animals—it is not to be wondered that there were found unscrupulous men, both at home and abroad, who sold animals with scarcely a drop of Cleveland blood in their veins, with elaborately constructed pedigrees.

As might have been expected, the produce of these nondescript brutes was disappointing, and seeing that they were furnished with such excellent credentials, it is not to be wondered at that the breed fell somewhat into disrepute with those who were not well acquainted with the genuine article. The breed was indeed beginning to languish a little when the formation of the Cleveland Bay Horse Society, and the issue of its rules, had been put into effect.

Mr. J. COXEY, of Massillon, Ohio, is said to have paid R. P. Pepper, of Kentucky, \$40,000 for the five-year-old stallion Acyloite 142. He was bred by Onward 1411, dam Lady Alice, by Almont 33; 3d dam, Lady Mambrino, by Mambrino Chief 11; 3d dam by Grey Eagle (thoroughbred). This is fine breeding—but \$40,000! Can't you come off a thousand or two so the statement will have more believers?

The race for the Grand Prize of Paris, the principal event on the French turf, was run on June 16th. There were 13 starters, and the race was won by an outsider whose chances were considered so poor that 50 to one was against him. The winner was the bay colt Vastis, by a length. Poutant, a 39 to one chance, was second. Maypole, one of the favorites, third, and Kagan fourth. The betting was heavy.

RACELAND, owned by August Belmont, won the Suburban Handicap on Tuesday last, over the Sheepshed Bay track, and with it the purse of \$7,000 for the winner. Terra Cotta was second and Gorgo third. The winner carried 120 pounds weight, while Eurus had 123 pounds up. The race was a mile and a quarter. The starters were Terra Cotta, Europa, Raceland, Badge, Eikwood, Bella B., Gorgo, Volunteer 24 and Brian Boru. Race-

have much improved during the past two or three years, and the increased care bestowed upon the mating of the mares is apparent at every show where they are exhibited.

A word or two respecting the families into which Clevelanders are divided may prove of interest. The Hob Hill Horse, as he is familiarly called from the place of his owner's residence, stands at the head of one of these. His name was Farmer's Glory, and, strange to say, no pedigree of him exists. He flourished in the early years of the century, and was singularly successful as a sire. Indeed, he was perhaps the sire of stallions than any of his contemporaries, and it is record that his owner, Mr. Wetherell, once exhibited him with six of his sons at a stallion show in the neighborhood. Dart is another of the old sires which has made so great an impression on the breed as to be the head of one of the families. He was bred in the East Riding, and there is no reliable pedigree of him in existence. It has been asserted that he has a considerable admixture of thoroughbred blood, but the record of him is very meager and not very reliable. It is through his great-grandson Rainbow, afterwards known as King George the Fourth, that the most eminent of his descendants spring. This horse was bought by Mr. Robert Thomas, of Eyreholme, near Darlington, for the respectable sum of £300 when he was seventeen years old, and it was Mr. Thomas who changed his name. He was a useful acquisition in his new locality, and, amongst many others, was the sire of King George, whose son, Master George, was one of the most famous sires of his generation, and from whom is descended most of the best horses of the present day.

From Milner's Volunteer, prize-winner at Howden, in 1806, through his grandson Pomfret's Volunteer, a large number of the modern Clevelanders descend. Pomfret's horse was a frequent prize-winner. He was a good-sized horse, rather light in color, and was not a remarkably fine goer. His progeny have, however, been distinguished by good action.

In the limits of an article like this it would be impossible to enter more fully into the history of the breed or give an elaborate description of its points and construction. This has been done, both in the stud-book, and in the various newspapers and magazines of late, and the subject is familiar to most who are interested in the welfare of the breed. To these it will be of some satisfaction to know that several gentlemen of means and position in England are using their utmost endeavors to improve the breed, and there is now no doubt whatever amongst practical men that the Cleveland Bay holds the place of pride as the general utility horse of our farm stock.

Do Not Know of Such a Law.

LAPEE, June 13, 1889.  
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I see in your issue of Dec. 29, 1888, of the law relative to the collection of stallion fees. Now will you please give, for the benefit of Michigan farmers, the law if there be any, in regard to accidents through carelessness or otherwise, while in the act of attempt of service. Such accidents as kicking by either the mare or horse. Information on this subject will be gladly received by a reader of your valuable paper.

SUBSCRIBER.

## Horse Gossip.

DONOVAN, the winner of the English Derby, has also captured the Prince of Wales Stakes. Great horse.

R. P. NAVARRE, of Newport, this State, has been captured by John Steinbeck, of Toledo, Ohio, for \$500, the pacer Alerick.

HANOVER must be getting into good form again. He won a dash of a mile and a half over the Sheepshed Bay track in 1:55 on Friday of last week.

THE fast race mare Valuable, by Ten Broeck, dam Lizzie Stone, by Enquirer, has broken down. She was to be started to beat her sire's time for a mile—1:39¾—the best on record. She had been sold a short time previously for \$5,000.

AND NOW it turns out that those South-Americans only paid \$17,000 for the gelding Prince Wilkes, not \$30,000 as the owner gave out to the public. It is a good thing for his reputation that George Washington never owned a trotter.

THE horse Al Farroh, who has beaten the world's time in a running race, and his lesser, C. V. Tupper, have been expelled from the California Blood Horse Association race privileges on account of the horse being held back in a race recently.

EGON AL. ALGER has purchased from W. S. McNaughton, of Minneapolis, Minn., the bay gelding William C. 2:23½, born in Young Wilkes 061, dam by Long Island, son of Napoleon, for \$4,000. He will be driven on the road to pole with the Governor's \$4,500 roadster.

GEN. WM. T. WITHERS, of Kentucky, the great breeder of trotting horses, died on Sunday last. He was the owner of Almont, Happy Medium and Aberdeen. He made it a rule never to race his horses, nor would he trade one. In the 18 years he was breeding his sales amounted to \$750,000.

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land was sired by Imp. Billet, dam Calome, and won as two-year-old over \$18,000 for his owner. Mr. Belmont then purchased him for \$15,500.

IN the \$10,000 stallion stakes to be trotted at Boston, Junemont 2:18½, is the only Michigan entry. The Hob Hill Horse, as he is familiarly called from the place of his owner's residence, stands at the head of one of these. His name was Farmer's Glory, and, strange to say, no pedigree of him exists. He flourished in the early years of the century, and was singularly successful as a sire. Indeed, he was perhaps the sire of stallions than any of his contemporaries, and it is record that his owner, Mr. Wetherell, once exhibited him with six of his sons at a stallion show in the neighborhood. Dart is another of the old sires which has made so great an impression on the breed as to be the head of one of the families. He was bred in the East Riding, and there is no reliable pedigree of him in existence. It has been asserted that he has a considerable admixture of thoroughbred blood, but the record of him is very meager and not very reliable. It is through his great-grandson Rainbow, afterwards known as King George the Fourth, that the most eminent of his descendants spring. This horse was bought by Mr. Robert Thomas, of Eyreholme, near Darlington, for the respectable sum of £300 when he was seventeen years old, and it was Mr. Thomas who changed his name. He was a useful acquisition in his new locality, and, amongst many others, was the sire of King George, whose son, Master George, was one of the most famous sires of his generation, and from whom is descended most of the best horses of the present day.

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## CARE HOGS AND POULTRY.

CHELSEA, June 8, 1889.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In answer to "Ditto" in Veterinary Department of to-day's FARMER, I will give my plan of taking care of hogs and poultry, and they are healthy as well as profitable.

I feed my hogs but once a day, just at night, and give them all they will eat up clean; my hens twice a week corn in the ear, and enough to last until I feed again, and the harder the corn is to shell the better for the hens. Both have water whenever they want it, the hogs seven rods for theirs. Both have the range of the barn-yard in winter.

My object is to force exercise. The hens must work to shell the corn. The hogs will not lie in the pen all day waiting to be fed, but will trample the yard over and over again eating hay, etc., that they would not touch if fed three times a day.

Nature requires work from all that live by eating. The indolent man is always complaining of his health; but if circumstances compel him to go to work how quickly his health and strength are restored? If a moderate amount of labor is necessary for the health and comfort of man, should he not use some judgment in taking care of his stock to keep them healthy? It is invariably the fat horse that dies in his prime; the favorite cow that is overfed; that the land will often grow weeds and grasses, and as the seed is lost in harvesting, the clover seed will often be the victim of the birds. Every farmer has doubtless observed in the fields where he has sown clover seed that spots more fertile than the main portions of the field have been covered with a good growth of clover, showing that if the land was thoroughly fertilized the clover would grow whether the season was wet or dry. I should advise keeping all the stock possible on the farms and buying more or less wheat, bran and oil meal to feed the stock, and so increase the value of the manure pile. I should prefer buying commercial foods such as I have named for this work of renovation rather than commercial fertilizers. It might well try plowing under green crops, as rye or buckwheat. Sowing the clover seed without any other crop, after the land has been put in good tilth, either in spring or the last of August, sometimes proves effective. Such lands are not adapted to permanent meadows."

## Alfalfa and Alfalfa Experiments.

MUCH has been said for and against alfalfa. It is generally known that it is a forage crop quite closely related to red clover, and sometimes called lucerne. It is not a new plant, having been under cultivation for hundreds of years. That it has not grown more rapidly in favor in this country is not altogether easy to explain.

IN the last annual report of the New Jersey Experiment Station Dr. Cook, the director, states the following strong points in favor of alfalfa as a forage crop: "(1.) It is fit for soilings purposes early as the third week in May. (2.) It may be cut three or four times each season. (3.) The second and later growths, if harvested as soon as blossoms appear, make an excellent hay. (4.) When well rooted it successfully resists both drought and frost. (5.) Under favorable conditions it does not run out for many years."

The disadvantages are set down by the authority in the following words: "(1.) The first growth is fit to cut before the weather is fit for hay-making. It allowed to mature the stems grow woody and are rejected by stock. (2.) Trouble has been experienced in securing a good stand."

It might be supposed that a crop which draws so heavily upon these important constituents of the soil will exhaust it of plant food. But this does not seem to be the case.

On the contrary land, so far from being exhausted by its cultivation, is actually improved; and the heavier the crop taken off the greater and more permanent the amelioration of the soil. This is so contrary to what we might reasonably expect, that it requires explanation.

Clover is a gross feeder. It does not seem particular as to the kind or quality of its food.

It also has the capacity of finding and appropriating it when other plants fail to do so. For this purpose its long tap root is admirably adapted. While timothy and other grasses feed near the surface, clover sends its long, slender, pointed roots down deep in search for nourishment. On clayey soils it frequently penetrates the subsoil to the depth of three feet. It provided throughout its entire length with feeding rootlets or stolons, which absorb the nitrogen and phosphoric acid from the upper soil.

IT will be seen that there are very strong points in favor of alfalfa, while at the same time the objectionable features are possibly great. It does not matter how much real merit there may be in a crop when well grown, if it is impossible to get a profitable yield. The large amount of fodder upon a given area may be fully offset by the poor quality of the crop.

For this reason it is not to be wondered that there are many who are skeptical concerning the value of alfalfa as a forage crop. It is not to be wondered that there are many who are skeptical concerning the value of alfalfa as a forage crop.

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ive again by sowing clover, with a top dressing of guano, superphosphates or ground bone, and plowing the crop under. Sometimes it has been found necessary to repeat the process two or even three times before the land was sufficiently enriched to produce corn and wheat. But when this is accomplished the soil is as "good as new." All the expense required after the first top dressing is the plowing, harrowing and sowing the seed. Such land, after being reclamation, is frequently valued at from \$100 to \$200 per acre.

usually bought in order to profitably utilize the excess of carbohydrates."

THE total yield upon the cultivated area was, for the two years together, at the rate of \$200, or, in other words, ten tons of dry hay at \$20.60 per ton. If the expression may be permitted, when alfalfa does well it does very well; that is, when it is successful in making a good stand the returns are highly favorable. It remains to be seen what these areas do in the present season.

If alfalfa, once well established, continues to hold its own it will increase the desire to become familiar with the particular conditions that favor it when it is passing the critical period of early growth from the seed. There is still much to be found out about the old forage plant.

high, is equal in height to an eight-rail crooked fence, from the fact that the rails lie upon the edge in the former and flat upon the latter. The legislature of our State recognizes this fact, and a six-rail straight fence is legal, whereas a crooked rail fence must be eight rails high.</p

**Horticultural.**

For the Michigan Farmer.  
WEST MICHIGAN FRUIT-GROWERS' SOCIETY.

(Concluded from last week.)

FRIDAY MORNING.

Mr. R. Miller read a paper on "Nursery Stock and Tree Agents," which we give in full:

As commercial fruit growing becomes a prominent industry in any locality, it becomes the victim of a variety of frauds and swindles, which are being yearly perpetrated on our farmers; and the fact they are so generally and successfully worked seems to call for their consideration before this Society.

Among those which seem to demand our special attention are certain frauds as well as some honest mistakes made by nurserymen, and that prince among highwaymen, the traveling tree peddler. And perhaps we should include the traveling graftor, whose work does not extend beyond the apple but as a fraud in his line he is sometimes a great success.

We will first consider nursery stock, as it is one of the foundation rocks on which we build our business, and the great questions naturally arise, What shall we purchase? How shall we purchase? And of whom shall we purchase? In these matters we will give the benefit of a fair amount of experience and observation.

After deciding what we will plant let us lay down a rule, that in apple, pear, plum and cherry stock, we will accept at any price the largest stock offered, not the smallest, and for each stock always remember that in the largest stock we lose the root's most essential to give the tree a vigorous start, and in cuttings we get a tree which for some reason is stunted, and probably will never fully recover; but rather insist on having nothing but first class two year old stock, with plenty of good roots well taken up and cared for; smooth straight stems, with well rounded buds; in the case of pears, there must be one old stock from bud; in the grape a strong two year old is about right; in blackberries one year plants from root cuttings are best, in currant and gooseberries one year old stock; if well grown, will do as well as two years stocks and cost less. In the red raspberry perhaps such plants from a young plantation are the best, and blackcaps should be propagated from two years growth; for strawberries, they make much better plants before fruiting than they ever do after.

In making selection of varieties for market, it is always best to confine ourselves to the kinds which have been successful in your own locality, in which, if you are not sufficiently well posted, you can usually get the advice of some neighbor who is; but never trust very far to catalogue descriptions, as while they may be accurate, yet you may easily be misled by some well known nurseryman.

Never trust to the tree agency with his deceptive colored plates, unless you are willing to acknowledge that he knows more about your business than you do yourself. I would always advise fruit-growers to secure a few plants of trees of any promising new variety in which you are interested, and plant them as a matter of information by comparison, and we will find occasionally a good thing, but the speculative class do not purchase new and untried things in large quantities.

The question of how we shall purchase is governed to a large extent by circumstances, but generally we would urge the purchase of all stock in the fall except black raspberry and strawberry plants, heeling them in properly on your own place in some dry and sheltered location, as we nearly always have more time and money in the fall—the weather is better for handling stock, and the ground is more available, and we always have a better stock to select from.

Then when hours of spring work are on, we do not have to break off to get our stock, or be delayed for weeks waiting for eastern stock, only to find, when it arrives, that it is in a half ruined condition, and it set many never fully recover. Such things are very discouraging, but are of yearly occurrence.

It is possible we would always inspect stock before purchasing, especially in the tree fruits, and purchase of the growers only, and if possible of some honest, local nurseryman, if you are fortunate enough to have one in your vicinity. Always remember that if your nurseryman has any stock that he is not proud of, if he sells it at all, it is apt to be to some far-away customer, or it possibly will clean up the trash in a lot to the tree peddler (the pleasant gentleman who sells you what the trade calls some colored plates, and may sell you a bill of lading for three prices, claiming to represent some well-known nursery). If you cannot get what you want near home, the best plan is to get a catalogue of a few of the most reliable large nurseries, and after selecting what you need, if a large quantity, write them giving your list, and describing what you expect, asking for their best price and positively forbidding substitution; but do not expect any response, nor to see any action to follow, when it is worth your mind there is danger ahead when you commence to hunt for the cheapest man; and if you purchase on that plan and find in after years that you have lost dollars for cents saved in the purchase, please remember that the blame rests entirely with yourself. If I was about to purchase a large bill of trees of any eastern nursery, I should buy half a dozen trees with the understanding that they should be a sample lot, and order from them; by following the above rule, you will be able to get what you want, that is nearly perfect, get it in good season, and at a fair price.

As to whom we shall purchase the stock of that will depend on circumstances. In any case buy of the man who has the best stock convenient to you, if he is an honest, reliable man; if not, have nothing whatever to do with him at any price no matter how good his stock, as the temptation is too strong for such a man to fill your bill, whether he actually has the varieties you want or not. Our best choice would be to whom we offer conditions.

**Resolved.** That we hereby express to one another, to their bereaved kindred, and to the community, the sincere regard in which we held the recently departed members of our Society.

**Resolved.** That they will be long remembered as intelligent, energetic co-laborers, zealous supporters of this organization, and as friends and Christian gentlemen of this Society.

A. S. DYCKMAN, Committee.  
J. N. STEARNS, Committee.

M. T. SMITH, Committee.  
A. HAMILTON, Committee.

ON THE DEATH OF MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

WHEREAS, By a mysterious Providence Harry J. and Frank R. Linderman have been taken from our midst; and,

WHEREAS, We, the West Michigan Fruit-Growers' Society now convened at South Haven, are deeply sensible of their absence and our common consequent loss; therefore,

**Resolved.** That we hereby express to one another, to their bereaved kindred, and to the community, the sincere regard in which we held the recently departed members of our Society.

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WHEREAS, We are profoundly moved by the dispensation of Providence which removed from earth our esteemed fellow-member, Harvey Campbell Shawwood, we, the West Michigan Fruit-Growers' Society, dolefully mourn his loss.

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June 22, 1889.

## THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

5

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Mr. Corbett's  
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Dr. H. M. Hart, a representative of the

Michigan Masonic insane asylum at Pontiac, has accepted a position as medical director of the hospital at John H. Hixson's University at Pontiac.

O. S. Smith, member of the House of Rep-

resentatives, has been taken to his brother's home at Newaygo, suffering from mental derangement brought on by care and worry over

official matters.

Cass County's annual picnic was held at Gaspoe on the 19th, and for a week it is not rain. The attendance was large, and the day was a success.

N. F. Bird, of Ann Arbor, reports his Hail's Can and Wafer peach trees are full of fruit, while he will not have any Early Crawfords. He thinks last summer's drought was more destructive than the early frosts of year.

Wm. Tate, captain of the tug Pioneer had an alteration with his brother, who was engaged in the business, and, after a month's time, received fatal injuries.

The captain at once surrendered himself, and is now in jail at Saint Mary.

An Arbor voted last Monday on the question of raising \$25,000 for the University Hospital, to secure the location there. The vote, in favor, was the largest ever cast out in an election, and, at only one-half of the amount

needed, was against the "Menden" decision.

Senator McMillan has made another han-  
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ment of the Agricultural College. It is the  
last collection of Coleoptera, very com-  
plete, and gives the College one of the first  
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## NEWS SUMMARY.

## Michigan.

Michigan editors are enjoying the "freedom of the city" at Muskegon.

Jonia cannot catch her fire-bug, and had two secondary fires last week.

The Damon high tax liquor bill passed the Senate on the 19th by a vote of 52 to 38.

John Shaffer, of Paris township, Kent Co., celebrated his 100th anniversary on the 1st.

The corner stone of a new library to cost \$30,000 was laid at Olivet College on the 20th.

At Highland, Oakland County, cucumber planting is in full progress, with all indications of a big yield.

Last Monday night, St. Joseph and Benton Harbor sent twelve thousand cases of strawberries to Chicago.

Louis Westgate, living near South Haven, was seriously injured by the breaking of a cable while pulling stumps.

McClennan is having a frenzied tournament July 4th. Twenty five departments and six bands are already entered for the prizes.

Ralph Ailing, a respected citizen of Kalamazoo, was instantly killed on the 17th by the going way of props under a house he was moving.

Sutherland, the station agent at Edon, Ingham County, who shot Elroy Daniels, has been held for trial. He was admitted to \$5,000 bail.

James Mullin, brakeman on the F. & P. M., was horribly beaten near Ypsilanti on Wednesday, falling between the cars of his train and being decapitated.

Salt manufacturers do not propose to be gobbed up by the salt syndicate without making the syndicate pay them for their pains.

They are putting up figures on their plates.

Dr. H. M. Hart, a representative of the

new U. S. cruiser Charleston, now

building at San Francisco, the 1,000 men

employed at the shipyards, will be

celebrated at 6 p.m. on the 15th.

The Northwest territory has needed rain

for some time. The first of this week

rains were general over about half that ter-

ritory, which will decidedly help the growing

crops. The rains were too light to help the

lumbermen out.

The consumption of sugar in the United

States for 1888 was nearly 1,500,000 tons, with

gave a total profit of \$14,000,000 to the sugar

refineries. \$5,000,000 to the outside refiners.

For the first five months of 1889 the profits to

the trust have been \$5,250,000, and to the outside

refineries \$3,410,000.

The Michigan Citizen suggests that monthly

stock sales at some central point would be a

good thing for stock dealers and farmers,

and indicates that such a place would be an excellent point

for the sale of grain.

Gen. W. T. Withers, proprietor of the cele-  
brated Fairlawn stock farm near Lexington,  
Ky., is dead. He commenced breeding horses

in 1871, and owned the celebrated Almont, for

which he received \$10,000, which was at the time

of purchase thought to be a very extravagant

purchase.

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Hippolyte seems to have come out on top

in the recent up-and-downness in Hayti. With

beginning the under dog in the fight, Hippolyte's forces have cleared the northern dep-

artments of the enemy, and he has de-

clared his independence.

A new ministry has been formed. Legume

has been chosen to leave Hayti, but refused

to do so. Foreigners friendly to him have

been advised to extreme caution.

The ocean steamer Hainan, from Southampton, England, has a narrow escape on her

voyage over the Atlantic, leaving New York

on the 19th, and went on an embankment, car-

rying two other coaches with it. Two postal

cars, J. H. Payne, of Indianapolis, and E. R. Reinhard, of Elkhorn, Ill., were instantly

killed, the brakeman died of his injuries, and

one other died.

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## Poetry.

## THE SCARECROW.

In wonder field he stands erect,  
No matter what the weather,  
And keeps a watch so circumspect  
On foes of every feather,  
So faithful is he to the trust  
Committed to his keeping.  
That all the birds suspect he must  
Dispense with any sleepings.  
Sometimes his hat dips down so low  
It seems a cause for concern,  
For then some old courageous crow  
Believes it safe to venture;  
But catching sight of either arm  
Outstretched in solemn warning,  
The crow decides to leave this farm  
Until another morning.  
Although his dress is incomplete,  
It really does not matter;  
Perchance the truest heart may beat  
Beneath a patch or tatter.  
And it is wrong to base our love  
On wealth and name and station,  
For he who will may rise above  
His daily occupation.  
We should not look with eyes of scorn,  
And find in him no beauty  
Who stands and guards our fields of corn.  
And does the whole world duty;  
But honor him for native worth,  
For rustic independence,  
And send a hearty greeting forth  
To him and his descendants.

—Martha Caverne Cook.

## THE LOST GRAVE.

Bayonets were dashing  
Cannon balls crashing,  
Horses we're dashing,  
Ridiculous wretches!  
Dead by our captain,  
Slain by a sword thrust,  
Crimsoned his uniform.  
Torn and dead.  
No more to beckon us,  
Cheer and inspire us.  
Seeing him dead;  
King-like he'd led us  
Into the conflict:  
Follow me close, boys."  
The words that he said.  
  
Up in blue sky  
Swallows were flying,  
Little carded them for the  
Dying to fly.  
Soft through the pine-tops  
Breezes were sighing,  
Chanting a requiem  
Over his head.  
  
Where now his resting place?  
Tell us, O, breezes!  
Proudly we'd honor him,  
Bowing the head;  
Garlands of myrtle,  
Chaplets of roses,  
Freely we'd gather them,  
Crowning the dead.  
  
Bird of the Southern sky,  
Bear him a sprig of green  
Petals of jasmine flower,  
Fragment of palm:  
Tell him we long for him,  
Gladly would call to him,  
Blending our lips to the  
Strains of a psalm.

—Inter-Ocean.

## Miscellaneous.

## BUT THEN--

(Concluded from last week.)

Just where I went I never shall know, for my brain was a perfect whirl, and little pictures tumbled head over heels in it like a peep-show. First I saw Frederick G. lying stiff and cold; then Mary B. kicking and screaming; then me, sitting by a small tombstone, in deep black; then Sarah, sitting in the middle of the sewing circle, telling all about it. And as though these cheerful scenes came and went, I was flying over the ground sobbing and panting, till I suddenly came to my senses, and saw that I was in the midst of shut-up stores, with everybody going the other way, and knew I must be downtown.

Well, by the interposition of Providence and an old apple woman, I made a tack, and brought up in Broadway by old Trinity Church; for the apple woman said there wasn't many theatres except on Broadway, and they were all up town. So I started up again, looking hard for a telegraph office next door but two to a theatre which I didn't know the name of. But then—I wasn't daunted, for my spunk was up, and taking myself by my mental shoulders I says, "Now, Lydia! stop and think," which I hadn't done at all before. But then—how could I, with Sarah Hodges gaping for details, and poor sweet Frederick G. maybe dropped over a dock for his gold bbb pins.

So I leaned my head on a lamp-post, and I thought, and maybe it was the cold iron steadyng my nerves, maybe it was desperation, anyway a small voice within me said, "Lydia Purvine, walk up Broadway, and ask in every office till you come to the right one." And so I started.

As I said, by that time it seemed dreadful late, and as most of the stores was closed and all the men going home, I stepped up to a light, and took out my watch, so's I could cal'ate how long I'd been wasting time, and I'd no sooner got it to the light when I felt a thump on my elbow and a jerk, and the watch was gone. A jewelled, capped, patent hunting-case watch, given to Hiram Purvine for gallant conduct in rescuing the crew of the bark Susan Ann from off the Bass Riffs, February 19, 1869, all stated inside the cover—just so—gone! Snatched right out of my hand!

Well, sooner than takes to tell about it I set up a cry of "Stop thief!" and tore down the street, followed buck-a-tilt by every man and boy within hall; though first I turned my new peasant cloak over my head, it being ill-suited for a running costume, and never taking my eye off the thief, who wore a gray coat, and providentially put his foot in a coal-hole and fell into the arms of a policeman just as I got up to him, most dead. But then—I made out to call out, "Hold him! arrest him! he took my watch!" before I sat down on the curbstone limb as a sweet potato vine.

"Why, it's Stumpy," says the policeman, holding him by the collar with one hand, while he took my watch from his pocket with the other. "This your, ma'am?" says he to me.

"Yes," says I.

"Well, you'll have to come around to the station," says he, "to identify it, and enter a complaint."

"Oh, I can't," says I, "I'm hunting for a

lost baby, and Mary B. is at the Coleman House waiting, in high hysterics."

"Very sorry, but you'll have to come," says he, obstinate as a mule. "Any one here see this watch snatched?" says he to the crowd, who seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely.

With that two real nice-looking men stepped up and offered to act as witnesses.

"You will have to appear, madam," says the elder of them, offering me his arm. "Allow me to escort you to the police station, which is only a few blocks from here."

Of course I had to take his arm, but I kept mighty close to the policeman, for I didn't forget all I'd read about buno steerers.

He was a mighty good-looking old gentleman, and well dressed. But then—that wouldn't hinder his being a buno steerer; quite the contrary; and I didn't see why he was called on to be so killing polite to me.

However, I'd more to think of than him as we walked along. I kept picturing how it would sound if anyone was to say they'd seen me going to prison on the arm of a stranger, with a policeman hauling along a perfectly limp, jointless pickpocket, who made himself a dead-weight in the hands of the Law, while a rabble of boys and men tramped along behind us, shouting: "What's the matter with Stumpy? Stumpy's in the cold, cold ground!"

It was a dreadful position for the President of the Hyasset Sewing Circle, and so I felt it. 'Twasn't the usual result of going to a matinee, or my fault in any way. But then—people always judged by outsiders, and it looked dreadful.

Then there was poor Mary B., waiting, waiting, and undergoing the tortures of Sarah Hodges' consolations. Sarah was one as I well knew, who'd find as many morals to adorn a tale as there was ruffles on a snake's tail; and likewise when you heard her morals click, you might look out for stings.

As for Frederick G., the bare thought of that blessed child drove me nigh desperate, and I burst right out crying, and the old gentleman he was very kind. "If I can assist you in any way, madam, pray allow me to do so. I am Judge Purdy; here is my card."

Of course a buno steerer might forge a card. But then—I'm one as believes character is writ on face, so I just told him all about everything. And when we reached the station-house I was mighty glad I had, for they all knew him, and he kind of smoothed the way for me.

Well, I suppose I was a fool, and set a bad example, and was bad for him, when I found I didn't have to prosecute that "Stumpy," I let him go. Weak-minded, wasn't it? But then—lands! I'd got back my watch, and he featured my cousin Silas, except his expression, and I couldn't bear to feel that I would be the cause of looking anything up out of the sun and air, so I let him go free.

Well, when he was disposed of, Judge Purdy brought up a police officer, and says he, "Now, Mrs. Purvine, if you will tell the captain what you told me, I think he will help you find your little cousin in short order." And so I did.

"You say you do not recollect the theatre?" says the captain.

"No, sir."

"But you must remember the play," says he, very persuasive.

"Why, certainly I do," says I. "It's name was 'Puss in Boots.'"

"Ah! now we're all right," says he. "That's running at the Moon Theatre, so the office where you got your messenger would be a mile up Broadway. Now excuse me one moment; I'll look it up in the directory."

"My! I guess he could make gunpowder out of beach sand," says I to the judge. "Why didn't some one else ask me what the play was? I shan't ever forget that. But then—"

"I've found the nearest office," says the captain, coming back. "I'll telephone to it, and we'll soon know where that boy is."

And so he did. My! but that telephone is the beater for cuteness. I shouldn't never have believed without seeing that you could talk to a man miles away over a little wire. But you could, for after the captain had talked quite a piece, he called me up, and put the little black box to my ear, and say, "You can hear for yourself just where your baby is, madam."

With that voice came whistling into my ear, and says, very distinct: "Mrs. Gardner's child is at the Fifteenth Precinct Police Station, in charge of the matron. Messenger 45 mistook the address, and took him to the Hoffman House. As no one claimed him there, he brought him back to the office, where he was kept until this evening, when we turned him over to the police."

"Why didn't they send him to our hotel?" says I, dropping the tube.

"Why, because the boy was positive you said the Hoffman," says he. "So when you didn't show up there, he got frightened, thought it was a plant to shove the child."

"A what, to do which?" says I, dazed.

"Thought you wanted to lose the child on purpose," says he, very impatient. "If you had placed the affair in our hands first, you'd have saved all this trouble."

"Seems so," says I. "But then—we're dreadfully prejudiced against jails in Hyasset, and so—"

"Exactly," says he, interrupting. "Now if you'll step outside I'll call a cab for you."

"My! but you never saw any people so pressed for time as New-Yorkers. None of them ever hear you out. Dear knows I'm no hand to talk; always was slow to speak; but then—I do admire, if there's anything to say, to tell it straight through."

Not that I've a word to say against that captain. For, as I told him, I was drifting around end on, against wind and tide, when he took the helm and brought me about. "And I shan't never forget it," says I.

"And if you come to Hyasset we'll give you 'hurrah, boys!' time. You can choose whatever you're the fondest of in the way of killing. But then—" says I, "there must be something to pay; now whatever is right?"

"Oh, there is no charge," says he, laughing. "This is our duty."

"Think of that, now!" I exclaimed. "All this arresting, and all for nothing!"

"Exactly," says he. "Now, madam, Judge Purdy is waiting outside. He is going to drive you up town. Good-natured of him, isn't it?"

"Yes, very," says I, rather dubious. "I

s'pose you're sure he really is Judge Purdy?"

"Certainly," says he, amazed. "What should he be?"

"Well, I had occasion to think," says I, whispering, "that he might be one of those—don't you ever let on to him—one of those buno steerers. You know they are dreadful politie."

"Judge Purdy a—ah! ha! ha!—beneo—ha! hal—steerer!—oh! ho! ho! ah! oh! me!" shrieked that captain, doubling up into a chair, and positively roaring with laughter.

"Glad you're pleased," says I, dryly. "But then—I don't see the joke, so I'll say good-night."

With that two real nice-looking men stepped up and offered to act as witnesses.

"You will have to appear, madam," says the elder of them, offering me his arm.

"So faithful is he to the truth," says he to the crowd, who seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely.

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from 1816. It comes the "Carrie" of this bell of Belgium, and at eight the bell called between four and heard its first in 1467. At its "one," so called been heard for only, we come the greatest of because it was V. The popper, and coppered it is valued at were the clapper, same place, had the sides. Far which it runs on ends for as been strong bell-habits.

cruel and blood-thirsty. He is armed upon, which con-pand strong that when not in use in a sucker. He June, and may of small streams insist in part upon life harshly, armed with six lads both cattle and things. She lays end, after they are pots, they make all fishing and closing bodies, their heads by which they of time this mag- earth, where it re-sists which it buries with a large black like its predeces-

sely resemble each a single exception over water and has tus. The female may be reached by are soon hatched, on the water and alities; they die if they dart swiftly space of a minute breathe. In the a dry place, and own, emerge regu-ready to repeat. We can form ally we are indebt-eds as scavengers.

about the first mont. went with the lady became her brave Commodore Oliver Erie," while still he, had an intense courage.

on a visit to some what the active and aner, who had at metropolis society the powerful house involved in a famous

ing he was among betwixt the sets and his admiration of resient in the boxes. Ferry. A noted binding by who was a bally and a mark reflecting on

a moment, when timid-looking fel-companions, faced distinct, deliberate

bitter such a senti- of his own mother any decent man?" fully hissed: "You

ar in the good old, of course. Baling up as a dead man, on the simultaneous had cleared away it had a bullet through had a ball in his left

the hour, and so about he proposed to and was accepted. I that it was his to resent the im-to this day he limps proud of his disfig-

omen. Clerks are fine-look-ing noted careers in to the departments, or an ancestor, and most beautiful of the Treasury, was Governor. These and among them are greeable talkers in hearts are young, and they are al-ways as when the bloom and they were the

Lover. Two Berlin doctors of the sight, to prepare the the choice of red with a revolver shot the first who wearing that the duel over her corpse. Her letter of farewell in the end, and she, receiving at the critical mo-reconciliation.

inary Story. last, Hungary, are in-credible case. A boy school has confessed as for some time past till in his shop, being a man who had made experiments in hypnotism, not by authorities, that a whole class of light. They acted as a process known as to steal money and bring it to the police. The affair is now in the hands of a court and every township, as well as the towns of a country will be illuminated by electric lights.

The Age of Electricity. The growth of electric lighting is something wonderful. At the convention of the National Electric Light Association President Duncan said that one year ago there were 4,000 plants in the United States; now number nearly 6,000. One year ago there were 175,000 lamps in use; there are now 2,000,000 incandescent lamps in use; at the present time there are over 2,500,000—49 per cent, more. The growth in electric railways is quite as startling. The country is committed to an electric age. Steam and gas, which have headed civilization, are displaced. One more quarter of a century and every township, as well as the towns of a country will be illuminated by electric lights.

### A SUMMER GIRL.

### PLUCKY OLD HICKORY.

#### A Queer Entry on the Records of a Tennessee Court.

#### Andrew Jackson's Encounter with a Gang of Bullies While a District Attorney—The General's Family Life—The Jackson-Sevier Duel.

On the records of the court of Sumner County, Tenn., for the year 1795 there is this entry:

"The court thanks Andrew Jackson for his brave conduct."

There is no information concerning what Mr. Jackson did to deserve thanks in this form, at least at the court in question, says William Hosea Ballou in the New York Herald. "Old Joe Guild," a prominent lawyer and State character, who died a few years ago, removed from that county to Nashville. He used to relate that when he grew up and became a Jackson man there were still magistrates living of the 1795 period. Of them he inquired concerning the law, and seemed to think that the law was still in force. From the knowledge thus gained, and the interest aroused in the school-garden, we may reasonably look for a growing love of nature—an increasing appreciation of the beauty of trees and their value. If this generation of children were reared under such influences our world would be a land of fair gardens in a quiet of a century, and there would be no difficulty in securing proper legislation for the preservation of our forests. Indeed, it is to be feared that the conductor carelessness! Was he watchful as to assisting ladies and children on and off the cars? Was he engaged in loud talk with conductors? Was he the driver with his hand on the wheel?

As if to meet: "Yes; met; You may go now and forget—If you can."

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

### ALASKA MAMMOTHS.

#### Monster Animals Still Roaming on American Soil.

Two Creatures Recently Killed by Indians, Resembling an Elephant, Having Six Legs and Thirty Feet Long.

"Alaska is a country of paradoxes!" That is what Col. F. Fowler, late of the Alaska Fur and Commercial Company, said to the reporter respecting his late need of generators. Mr. Fowler is en route to his home near Boston, which he left twelve years ago to enter the employ of the Alaska Fur and Commercial Company.

"During all that time, up to two months in which I resigned and started for home," said Mr. Fowler, "I have had my headquarters at Kodiak, which is the most northerly station occupied by the agents of our company."

"Alaska is certainly a country of paradoxes. You who live here in the States look upon it as a land of perpetual ice and snow, and yet you would be astonished if I told you that I grew last year in my garden at Kodiak abundant crops of radishes, lettuce, carrots, onions, turnips, beets, turnips, etc. Within five miles of this garden was one of the largest glaciers in Alaska, and between the fertile coast strip the interior is reared along the entire seaboard a continuous mountain of pebbles and snow."

"During your twelve years' residence in Alaska what was the most wonderful thing you ever saw or heard there?"

Fowler smiled at this question, and after a moment's hesitation said: "Two years ago last summer I left Kodiak for a day to the waters of the Snake River, where our traveling agents had established a trading station at an Indian village. The Indians were of淳朴的 Indians, and to him I was well recommended. He received me hospitably, and I began negotiations for the purchase of a large lot of fossil ivory which his tribe had collected near the village. The lot weighed several thousand pounds and was composed of the principal and inferior tusks of the mammoth, the remains of thousands of and gigantic animals are to be found in the soil of the river bed.

"I questioned To-ee-oh-mi, and he assured me that less than three months before a party of his young men had encountered a drove of monsters about fifty miles above where he was encamped, and had succeeded in killing two, an old bull and a cow. The old bull was in advance, rushed upon the party, and the chief and the scout were killed. He leaped from his horse into the pit, brushed the fellow aside, and heeled the chicken after the most approved fashion. Then he returned to the saddle and witnessed the fight.

Jackson was originally a backwoods specimen of the rawest type, but he once evolved into perhaps the grandest man that ever lived, having an equal in the ball-room, in his politeness, courtesy and admiration for women. The school-house largely taught the Tennessee of to-day, and Jackson was the first of many to do this. He left from the farm, array him in fashionable clothes, put him in the ball-room or in society and his thoroughbred blood instantly manifested itself, exhibiting in him only the refined man of the world. Jackson's letters, which remain, are in many respects more interesting than Washington's. They exhibit a man absolutely devoted to his family, from whom not the smallest thing concerning them escaped, and whose every interest was his. No man ever wrote in the same spirit and with such social leisure and models from which Chesterfield might have learned much in poise. Nothing escaped him. To show how the men of the nation worshipped him the incident related by Willoughby Williams, "Old Man Willoughby," of years ago, will suffice. When Lafayette visited Jackson, in 1828, he rode in a carriage with General Hall, while Jackson was on horseback. Great as a man as Lafayette was, the people all looked at Jackson and confided their expressions of admiration to him.

The story between Jackson and Sevier seems to have escaped history and biography. Sevier was Jackson's equal as a soldier, and during his Indian fights of over a quarter of a century he never lost a battle, because he always charged into the natives when in a body, and the Indian could only fight with a tree in front of him. In 1795 Sevier was the first Governor of Tennessee, and for twelve years was the Supreme bench of the State. They were dining about a military election, both being candidates. On the day when Jackson arrived at Knoxville to hold court Sevier came also, mounted a horse in the square, denounced Jackson in unmeasured terms, calling him all the names in the early vocabulary. There could be but one result, and that evening Jackson challenged him. Sevier accepted, and then came a question as to where the fight should take place. Jackson wanted to fight on the Cherokee reservation and Sevier in Virginia. As a result Sevier passed the most frequent use. Finally Jackson started for Virginia and notified Sevier. He reached Virginia first and remained several days awaiting the arrival of his opponent. Sevier not appearing he started for home, meeting his rival on the way. They met in the road, exchanged several shots, neither one being hurt, when friends interfered. They never forgave each other, and there is still a tradition that this was the most disgraceful episode in the history of the State.

"I seized him by the collar, and taking a sharp stick he drew me a picture of the male animal in the soft clay. According to his description it was at least twenty feet in height and thirty feet in length. In general shape it was not like an elephant, but its ears were small, its eyes bigger and it trunk longer and slender. Its tusks were yellowish-white in color and six in number. Four of these were placed like those of a boar, one on either side in each jaw; they were about four feet long and came to a sharp point. The other two tusks he brought away."

"I measured them and they were over three feet in length and weighed upward of 500 pounds each. They gradually tapered to a sharp point and curved inward. The sharp point was covered with long, coarse hair of a reddish dun color.

"The next day, on late Governor Hon. Alfred P. Smith, who was pretty carefully investigating the matter and he is certain that a thorough sifting of native testimony and large herds of these monsters are to be found on the high plateaus in interior Alaska about the headwaters of the Yukon River."

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### A SUMMER GIRL.

She wears a saucy hat And her feet go pit-a-pat As she walks; And the sweet music slips From her merry madding lips When she talks.

She fascinates the street With her gaiters trim and neat. Made of kid;

For they twinkle as they pass Like the riflets in the grass Halfway hid.

Herself is soft and white, Magnolia buds at night On the bough;

But her feet she'd be too fair There's a freckle here and there On her brow.

Bumpers play at hide-and-seek On her apple-blossom cheek And her chin.

Say beckoning to you, Don't you think it's time to woo?

Pray begin."

Then her winsome, witching eyes Flash like bits of summer skies Over her fan.

As if to meet: "Yes; met; You may go now and forget—If you can."

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"They had come down to the spring that took its name from a lovelorn youth further on. The water was cold and the water for some time had been very turbulent. The other two tusks he brought away."

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